

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD

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The Missionary Helper

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BY THE

FREE-BAPTIST

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1889.

No. 6.

The field is the world. The Christianization of foreign nations is receiving practical aid by the influences brought to bear in this country. For instance, sixteen Chinamen attend the Metropolitan Sunday-school in Toronto. A class of Italians is also being formed. . . . Within twelve years, the Modoc Indians have been changed from uncivilized heathen to industrious farmers, under Christian and educational influences. . . . The death of Miss Whateley, daughter of Archbishop Whateley, will be deeply felt in Cairo, Egypt, where she had a school of about six hundred children. She devoted life and fortune to missionary work. . . . In 1882, mission work was forbidden in Korea. In 1884, through the influence of a medical missionary, the door opened, and the progress of Christianity since seems almost a miracle. . . . In March, some of the secretaries of the missionary societies had an interview with President Harrison, and Secretary Noble of the Interior Department. It is believed that the result will be that methods will be adopted which will materially aid in the furtherance of Indian civilization. . . . In 1848, two missionaries, one of whom was a medical man, went to Borneo, and commenced missionary work. The people had been noted for piracy and murder. In 1867, one missionary baptized 150 persons. Now at least 3,000 are

members of the English Church. . . . The work of medical missionaries is becoming constantly more valuable as a factor in the advancement of Christianity.

SIXTEEN.

JUNE is ever an anniversary month to the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society. In June, 1873, it was born. It was a healthy infant. It came to a home where it was welcome (what a pitiful thing it is that this cannot be said of all infants!), has been carefully nurtured, and is now a vigorous maiden of sixteen, a little impulsive, it may be, longing to do great things, but with enough judgment not to go very far astray.

Now where is the sixteen-year-old girl who does not want to celebrate her birthday? And if this wide-awake Free Baptist maiden gets such an idea into her head, who can blame her? Are we not glad that God gave her to us, and grateful that she has a sixteenth birthday to be celebrated? Let us then gladden the heart of our loved daughter by birthday offerings, which will help her to carry out cherished plans; help her to return to this country missionaries whose years of prolonged, faithful service entitle them to change and rest, and help her to send back those whose resting time of home service is over, and add new recruits to fill in the niches waiting for them.

Will not each Auxiliary throughout our land respond to this call, and at its June meeting either take a collection on the spot, or plan for a missionary tea, or something else by which an offering may be sent to our Treasurer, to gladden the heart of this sixteen-year-old daughter of ours, and encourage her to go on developing plans and growing in wisdom and efficiency? Even though the sum sent be small, an aggregate of littles will give us a creditable amount. Will you do it? Send to Miss L. A. DeMeritte, Dover, N. H.

We are glad that our Society was born in June. It is a month so full of promise, so rich in early fruitage! In our

work, as in nature, the winter comes with frost and cold, the March winds chill and disappoint ; but June, luxurious, laughing June, comes every year with its heavenly promise of abundance and success. Let us be glad and rejoice.

AFRICA.

THIS is the concert subject for June. We have said so much in the HELPER in regard to Africa that we hesitate about again calling attention to it. But to us the subject seems of such present vital importance that it would be almost impossible to say too much. Seven scenes come vividly before us. We will pen them for our readers.

Scene 1.—Livingstone, worn with his endeavors to open in the dark continent a pathway for the Gospel, kneeling at close of day in Central Africa, and committing it and its future to God,

Scene 2.—A vessel on its way thither with one missionary and 10,000 barrels of rum.

Scene 3.—An African chief appealing to Christian nations : "If you cannot bring us your Christianity and civilization without the rum, *take them all away*. We would rather not have the former, if we must have the rum too."

Scene 4.—In the office of a distillery, three miles from the Massachusetts State House, a contract being signed for the delivery of 3,000 gallons of rum daily to the African trade for the next seven years.

Scene 5.—Massachusetts, with its noble prestige, its education, and its Christianity, voting to make the manufacture and sale of this rum legal, thereby assuming a share in responsibility for results.

Scene 6.—A prominent evangelical church met in missionary concert. Subject, Africa. Slavery and the Mohammedans receive ample and detailed attention, but intoxicating liquor is not once referred to, notwithstanding ample, verified facts in regard to it have been furnished those in charge.

Scene 7.—Jesus weeping afresh over our modern Jerusalem and its sins.

Rev. W. Allan speaking of the liquor traffic, says, in the *Missionary Review* : —

“ In Africa, we have to contend against the devil’s missionary agency. The liquor traffic is increasing, and it is a gigantic evil—greater, even, than the slave trade—debasement of the people and ruining legitimate commerce. In West Africa it has deepened the degradation of the Negro instead of civilizing him. Over 180,000,000 gallons of spirits had been imported last year in the district of Sierra Leone, and in Lagos it was far larger, while all the land was strewn with demijohns. The Niger Company imported 220,000 gallons during the last two years; and 500 cases of gin and 500,000 gallons of rum were landed by the *Caliban*, in which I sailed from Liverpool.”

A SUGGESTION FROM DENNIS.

WHEN Dennis mentioned the matter for the first time I was almost indignant. We were sitting at the fireside one evening,—he had been reading the paper, and I was almost dozing over a dull book,—when he looked up quite suddenly, and said, “ I have been thinking, Clara, that you and I should begin giving systematically.”

“ Giving systematically to what?” I asked in genuine surprise, and endeavored to look wide-awake and interested.

“ Why, to the church and missions, and so on,” explained Dennis.

“ Give what?” I asked again, setting my lips a trifle firmer, and making it just as hard for poor Dennis as I could.

“ Money, of course,” he answered. “ You know what I mean, dear. Suppose we keep a tithe-box. At present we really give nothing worth speaking of. We mean to, but when Sabbath comes there is no small change in the house, or we neglect to take it. Then we have not felt able to pay for sit-

tings in the church, and it is beginning to seem easier to stay away than to ask the ushers for seats every time. If we had the tithe-money, things would be very different with us, I imagine."

"Whatever are you thinking of, Dennis," said I, "to talk so soberly of giving, when you know we have not nearly enough to live on as it is? It is more of a problem every day, with our income, to make ends meet. To be sure, one-tenth of it is small enough to be ridiculous; we would not care to have any one know how small; but we could never do without it, that is certain."

I looked meaningly around the plain little room, with its modest, lonely-looking furniture, and reminded Dennis of the rent which was overdue, and the many things we both needed. I even quoted Scripture to the effect that if any provide not for his own he is worse than an infidel; and, being fairly started, soon talked both him and myself into a very dissatisfied frame of mind. It all ended in Dennis saying, "Oh, well! no doubt as you say, what is impossible is impossible, and that ends it. But I do wish we were able to give something."

The matter was not again referred to between us, but it came again and again to my mind. It seemed quite out of my power to forget it; for I was conscious that the responsibility of the final decision being mine, the guilt, if guilt there were, was mine too. But Dennis did not have his salary raised, and expenses increased rather than lessened, economize as I would. It was still true that there was frequently no money for the Sabbath collections, regular or special; and we attended service less and less frequently, feeling sure our acquaintances remarked our having no sittings in our own church.

In this state of affairs a serious illness came to me; and, as I needed constant care, Dennis, who was very busy in the office, proposed that we send for a young girl whom we had become interested in, as a child, in the orphan's home. I knew she had experience in attending the sick, and rather unwillingly

consented. Maggie was a capable, well-trained girl, and made herself very necessary to me from the first day. She had a peculiarly gentle and pleasing voice, and I loved to hear it so well that, during my convalescence, I kept her talking on one pretext or other most of the time. In this spirit, I asked her rather languidly one day what she kept in a little pasteboard box I had several times noticed in her hands.

"This is my tithe-box," said Maggie, turning her honest blue eyes full on me. "I was just counting the money over to see how much I have for the missions next Sabbath."

"Why, child," said I, "come here and sit by me; I want to talk to you. Do you mean to tell me that you give a tenth to the Lord?"

The girl was rather surprised at my vehemence; but she answered simply, "Why, yes, ma'am. I'm very sorry it is so little I can give, having only my earnings. Sometimes I think it would be nearer right if I, whose whole is such a trifle, should give one-fifth. There is so much need of money, you know. It is different with rich people; one-tenth of their money is a great deal, and so much good can be accomplished with it."

I winced under Maggie's ingenious argument,—such a decided inversion of mine,—but she, sweet child, all unconscious of my thoughts, went on to tell me of the good matron at the home, who had taught her, as a little child, that she had a Father in heaven ready to be more to her than the father and mother she had lost. "She told us," said Maggie, "that when Jesus left the earth, after his resurrection, he put the missionary work he had been doing for three years—and, for that matter, all his life, the matron said—in our hands to do for him; and he said plainly that every one of us who love him shall show it by what we do of the work he loved. If we cannot preach or teach or give up all our time to him here or over the seas, we can at least give a part of our money to him. She liked to give a tenth, because that was God's own plan for the people he loved; and so must be the division of one's money which

pleases him best. 'It is his right,' the dear matron said one day, 'to have a tenth of our all; and after that if we spare more, we can call it a gift.' She gave us all a tithe-box, and the very first money I earned, all my own, I put a tenth in it. Since then I always have a little to give to the Lord's work, though it grieves me that it is often only a few cents, when hundreds of dollars are needed. But I remember the matron's saying that is wicked to fret even about that; we must pray the more for his blessing on the little."

"But how do you manage to live, Maggie? Do you have anything left for yourself?"

"Oh, yes! I earn money by working in different ways,—sewing, and helping sick ladies like you; and what is left after I count out the tenth seems to go so far in buying what I need that I always have enough."

"So your matron thought that every one should give a tenth to the Lord, Maggie?"

"No, ma'am," was the quiet answer. "She did not say we ought to; she did not think of it in that way. But she said that, like the other plans the good Lord has made for our every-day living, it is really all to make us good and happy. We are so glad when we once begin to give in that way, and the nine-tenths which we keep are blessed of him with the one he accepts; so it is lifted above being ordinary money, and does us far more good."

My mind was busy with these sweet words long after Maggie had left me; and the question came, If she can give out of her pitiful poverty, what is my excuse? Yes, I saw clearly now. I had been all in the wrong, and a stumbling-block to my husband. So, in the evening, as we sat cozily by the fire again, both happy in my returning strength, I said to Dennis, "I have learned a lesson which makes my illness a blessing, dear. Shall I tell you of it?" And then I told him of Maggie's ministering to my soul, as well as to my body, and showed him a little box on which was written, "Tithes." Dennis did not speak at

first, but a glad look shone in his eyes, and he clasped my hand very tenderly.

"The Lord's hand is in this, Clara," he said at last. "We will pledge a tithe of all God ever gives us over this little box, won't we?"

The first bit of money went inside the lid that very night, and a new content came into both our hearts. Any day has an added pleasure when Dennis and I sit side by side to count out the tenth and put it safely away. There is no more trouble about money for missions. We soon found that we could afford a modest seat in the church, and straightway felt at home there as never before.

It would be a half truth to say we never miss that money. It has brought us a blessing. Though we are not rich, and probably never will be, we are content, which is far better, and need to fret about matters no more. "Oh, Dennis," I said the other day, "how well worth heeding that suggestion of yours has proved!"—*Interior.*

OUTFIT AND PASSAGE.

WE fear the Auxiliaries do not yet realize that the Woman's Missionary Society needs *special* contributions for outfit and passage of missionaries. One incoming passage and three outgoing will be required.

We hope the matter will be agitated and pushed in the Quarterly and Yearly Meeting sessions of the coming months.

Something in addition to what is now contributed by churches and Auxiliaries is what is required. Let not the workers fail to present the subject at all our public gatherings.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

JAPAN has 29,233 elementary schools, with 3,233,262 pupils and 97,316 teachers. Attendance is compulsory.

FROM THE FIELD.

IN DUE SEASON.

BY J. P. BURKHOLDER.

SOON after the Santal Training School was removed to Bhimpore, a boy by the name of Tanu entered it. In personal appearance he was very unpromising. His complexion was almost as black as that of a Negro. He had heavy, thick lips, and a decidedly stupid way of gazing at whoever might be speaking, with his mouth gaped open, showing, however, a fine set of teeth. His eyes, though small and deep-set, had an earnest expression, apparently drinking in all that was being said.

During the work hour one afternoon, I met him in the garden and spoke to him of Christ. He seemed to have gotten hold of the truth, and knew of the Saviour. He said to me, "While I was in the village school in the jungle, Dula used to visit us, and I heard him pray. Why, thought I, will not God hear me if I pray to him? I wanted very much to come here and attend this school, so I thought I would ask him to let me come. I did, and here I am."

After a time we lost sight of him entirely, though I had not forgotten the boy. Several years afterwards he supplied the place of one of our jungle teachers, and with others attended one of the semi-annual examinations. I was greatly pleased to again find him. It was at this first gathering, I think, that he boldly expressed his intention of becoming a Christian. The possibility of his young wife forsaking him, troubled him not a little, and he doubted whether it was his duty to take a step which would in all probability cause their separation. We could see that he was gaining strength, as at each convention he was bolder than at the preceding one.

In October of 1887 he told all of his fellow-teachers that he had decided to be a Christian, and wished to be baptized in

his own village, among his own friends. He said he would send us word when all was ready. The following month he came in person, and requested Mr. Burkholder to accompany him to his home. Several of our men joined the party. His parents appeared well disposed, so a general notice was circulated of the baptism. Monday afternoon was the time appointed. A large number of people gathered around the village tank. As the father had not arrived, and fearing no opposition, Mr. Burkholder waited for him. In the meantime a hymn was sung, and the opportunity was improved for preaching to the people. In a short time the father came, when Mr. Burkholder went into the tank, to test the depth of the water. Coming back he reached out his hand to lead Tanu in, when to his surprise he saw the father with his arms tightly clasped about the son's waist, while the distracted mother was down on the ground, holding on to his feet. Mr. B. said to Tanu, "Free yourself and come." "No," said the young man, "I cannot now." The exercises came to a sudden standstill. The people scattered, but Tanu was closely watched by his parents, for fear he would run away.

He said to his father, "*I am* a Christian, whether I am baptized or not; henceforth my name shall be Tanu Christian. If I accede to your wishes and am not baptized, will you call me by this name? Will you come to my worship?" "Anything, anything," replied the father, "only don't be baptized." His father at once closed his school, so that he should not be visited by our Christian Inspectors.

For more than a year we saw or heard but little of him, for he was constantly under guard. During our Y. M. in Midnapore last January, he came to us and said he was still determined to make a public profession of his faith in Christ. He had had a dream, he said, in which it was revealed to him that he was to be baptized on the 19th of February. Anxiously and prayerfully did we wait for the appointed day. True to his word, he called on Mr. Burkholder, who was then in Midna-

pore, on the 19th of February. The next day he came to us here, where, in the presence of many witnesses, he put on Christ in baptism. He at once sent word to his father, telling what he had done. A few days later he went home, accompanied by three of our young men. Before leaving he brought me a few pice for the church contribution, saying he had wished to have partaken of the communion before going home.

On his arrival at home there was much weeping and wailing by his friends. This is the saddest feature of receiving people into the church from among the heathen. It causes for the time being intense sorrow. It is almost equal to a death in the family. The blinded eyes cannot see and the stricken heart cannot and will not be comforted. If it were possible, one would gladly spare them this pain, but there can be no other way under existing circumstances.

Tanu's father forbade him to enter the house, and refused to allow his wife or children to go near him. They gave him food, but it was served outside. His wife, though in sympathy with him, was sent to her father. Later on we sent a man to see how matters progressed. He found that Tanu was still kept outside, but his wife had returned. Her father said to him, "We gave our daughter to you, for better or worse, and you shall have her, whether you become a *hadi deme* (the very lowest caste) or a Christian." His mother treated him kindly, and although his father was not reconciled to him, yet he left in his hands all of their cultivation as before. For Santals they are in very comfortable circumstances. Tanu speaks in the highest terms of his wife, saying, "She is a good woman. She, too, has been praying, and says she will join me." He is very hopeful also of his two younger brothers. Although Tanu is a man with a family, yet, according to the custom of the country, he still lives with his father, and is in many things subject to him. This practice renders it exceedingly difficult for a young man or woman to become a Christian. He is not only an out-cast himself, but in many cases the whole family has to suffer

with him. The leaven is working. In other directions there are hopeful signs. We will praise God and take courage.

Bhimpore, March 23, 1889.

REPTILES.

BY L. C. COOMBS.

NOT all the reptiles of India, only some of those I have met and become somewhat familiar with.

My most intimate acquaintance in this family is a kind of little lizard that runs about the walls of the house and across the ceiling, hunting for insects. His body is about two inches long, all of one color,—a very light brown,—with a tail about as long as his body, the loss of which doesn't seem to trouble him in the least. His eyes are like two little black beads, and after the lamps are lighted and insects begin to gather around, then he leaves the wall and ventures on the table, where his little head turns from side to side, and his bead eyes peer this way and that, while now and then he darts his tongue at some unfortunate insect, and—he is gone. This latter movement is so swift that it cannot be followed. His common name is the "tick-tickee," probably from the short, quick sound he makes as he runs out of sight. Whenever the natives hear this sound they snap their fingers, or rap them on the floor where they are sitting, in answer to the "tick-tickee," who they think is saying something to them, and they want to let him know they hear him. He is perfectly harmless, and we never think of killing him.

Another kind of lizard that is very common in our gardens, and that sometimes comes in the house is one that gives me a shiver to look at him, he seems so much like a snake cut short. His body is brown, with white and darker brown stripes running lengthwise, and his eyes have an evil look. One day, the girls in my school came running in at recess, saying that a snake was crawling in between the shutters of the bath-room door. I went to look, and saw its head just showing between the blinds,

and made preparations to demolish it, when, on cautiously opening the door, I found it was simply one of those lizards, and I could easily imagine him chuckling over our fright as he wriggled away.

There is another little fellow that runs about the garden and hides in the hedges, that must belong to the Iguana family, though he is a very small specimen. He has the serrated back and the pouch under his throat, but I have never seen him more than four or five inches long—beside the tail. He is very timid, and scampers off at the least noise.

Another of the lizard family, but just the opposite in his powers of locomotion, is the chameleon. This is not so common, but there used to be quite a number in Dr. Bachelier's garden, which were his pets. As they take the color, to some extent, of the object on which they rest, it was not easy to find them among the bushes, so he would tie pieces of red worsted around their tails, close to the body, and then let them go. This bit of bright red could be quickly seen among the leaves, whenever he wanted to find one, and as they are very slow-motioned, they could easily be caught. The formation of their feet is peculiar, something like fingers and thumbs, and they grasp the twigs over which they crawl very slowly and carefully. Their changing of color is very remarkable,—sometimes decidedly mottled and spotted, and at others all one color, green or gray or red.

The toads become very familiar here, especially in the rainy season. I have often been reminded of the frogs in Pharaoh's time. They come hopping in through the open doors, and hide themselves in some corner. A satisfied croak reveals their hiding-place, and an attempt to drive them out is sure to recall the proverbial obstinacy of the pig. They delight in hiding around the *kalsis* of drinking water, and in the dishes of water which are put under the table legs to prevent the ants from crawling into our food, and in any cool corner.

There are frogs here, too, that talk just as good English as

Bengali, and after the first pouring rain has softened their hard hiding-places and freed them from their hot-season prisons, there are just as happy frog concerts here as in America.

All these reptiles are harmless though repulsive, and we let them live, but the *snakes* are quite another thing. Some of these are harmless, but a snake is a snake, and there seems to be an inbred impulse to bruise his head. One harmless kind, a brown striped, is very common, and can be seen almost any day; another, a tiny black, is poisonous, but not deadly. A long, slender, green species is called the tree snake, and is often seen lying along the branch of some tree, or making its way among the leaves.

One day as I was resting at noon, a rustling sound at the side of my bed caused me to rouse up and look down on the floor, when I saw a large black snake gliding over my shoes. I jumped up, and, standing on the bed, shouted to the gardener to come. He brought a pole, and succeeded in killing him, after several unsuccessful attempts, during which his snakeship disgorged from his mouth an undigested toad. This delivering up seems to be a snake trait when frightened, for one morning when we were out riding on horseback, a large snake glided in front of Mr. George's horse, and was hurrying off. Mr. George, in order to get a better look at him, headed him off, when he stopped and disgorged a toad, and when, on attempting to get away, Mr. George again headed him off, he threw up a second toad. This snake was the kind called the *Dhemna*, and is eaten by the Santals.

The cobras are the most deadly poisonous, a severe bite usually causing death within half an hour. Slight bites may be cured by ligatures and caustic. There are thousands of people in India killed annually by snake bites, and a premium is offered by government for every cobra killed.

I was awakened one night by the barking of my little dog under the bed, and on arousing heard the gliding sound of a snake on the floor. I bounced out of bed, grasped the lantern

burning near, and taking a stick dealt him a blow ; but when he turned and raised his head, and spread his hood, and I knew it was a cobra, my courage all vanished. Calling to a teacher close by to hold the lantern, I ran to call the gardener, who came at once and dispatched him. At that same house, we killed two large cobras close by the door-steps. I don't live in that house now.

Many stories have been told of the crocodiles of India. I have only seen a baby one that was being taken to the Zoological Gardens in Calcutta. It was at the English doctor's, here in Midnapore, but died that night. They preserved its skin, and hung it on the wall of their dining-room, making a unique if not beautiful ornament. When visiting Contai one year, we heard of an old crocodile that had been committing depredations, and which a young Englishman living there was very anxious to catch. He had tried in vain to shoot him, and had then had a monstrous hook made (something like a small anchor), which he was to bait with ducks, and wait for him. This young man said he shot one once, in the stomach of which he found the silver bracelets of some poor woman who had been caught and eaten.

I never heard whether his hook and ducks were successful or not.

Midnapore, March 30, 1889.

HOMeward BOUND.

BY HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.

A DAY in Singapore ! Beautiful Singapore ! Balasore on the northern limit of the tropics I had just left parched and gray. Who would then look for fresh verdure in Singapore that lies on the Equator ! The harbor, surrounded and dotted by rocky, precipitous islands, frowning with British cannon, hurriedly planted when there was fear of Russian interference, is a really beautiful one. As we approached the wharf, little

skiffs manned by one or two boys each, came swarming out, their occupants shouting vigorously, "Yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, sir; dive, sir?" They didn't care to dive for copper, but if a silver bit shot through the air toward them, a boy from the nearest boat instantly flung himself and his short paddle into the beautiful clear water, and, diving, caught it before it reached the bottom. Coming up he scrambled into his boat, and if his oar had floated out of reach, used his hands instead until he regained it. They impress one as being some kind of amphibious animals. I'll not attempt to give area, population, history, etc., of the island, for two good reasons—they would not be remembered if I did, and secondly, I do not know them. This much I do know; it is a populous, driving, thriving colony. The discovery of rich mines has sent the people into mad speculation, in which immense fortunes are being lost and won. Taking the steam tramway we went running along the edge of the shore, amused by frequent sign-boards of "No admittance except on business" set up on swamp lots! At the end of the tram line we took a carriage and drove to the residence of our consul, and were received in the most cordial manner by his married daughter—married to an Englishman because there were no Americans to marry!

Hence we drove to the Anglo Chinese school for boys, belonging to American Methodists. Mr. and Mrs. Oldham began the work four years ago. It seemed an unpromising field at the outset, and Mr. Oldham began by taking a few private pupils in English. The wealthy Chinese of the place soon came to realize that here was the chance they wanted for giving their boys an English education. Pupils increased, money was liberally donated—some \$6,000 given toward the purchase of a mission building, one Chinaman alone giving \$1,000. The building first intended for the entire establishment had to be given up to the school, another large house was purchased, and a neat church building (stone, if I mistake not) erected. The school now numbers about three hundred, and I think they said is

self-supporting. In the evening we went to an English prayer-meeting, attended by not less than a hundred, I should judge. It was led by Mr. Brewster, just recently added to their force. He asked those in attendance to present texts on which they founded their hope of salvation. Many were given, and I was glad to see that almost every one who spoke rose with his Bible in his hand, and read his proof text. I do not remember ever to have seen such a thing in one of our F. B. prayer-meetings. In thinking of, and thoroughly admiring, the energy and success of these Methodist friends, I was led to query whether this open Bible *in* the hand and always *on* hand was not the secret of their prevailing success with God and men. I was truly glad to meet with them in this meeting, and to shake hands with their pioneer, Mr. Oldham, whose face bespeaks a noble and consecrated life.

We were guests, for the day, of some delightful Scotch people, the Andersons, merchants. Mr. A. had been in America, proof of which we saw in beautiful great photographs of Niagara, the moment we were ushered into the drawing-room. He was a man thrilling to his finger-tips with masterful life,—a man with magnetism to command one's entire attention every moment that he spoke. They both belonged to the kirk, but were warm friends and helpers of the Methodist missionaries.

I said Singapore was beautiful. They have no rainy season, as we do in India, but they told us that they had showers on an average 190 days in the year. As a result this equatorial Eden has a thick, velvety turf the year round, and looks a most charming combination of park and wild-wood. The English are wonderful road-builders, and those beautiful, smooth, met-aled drives, winding in and out, up and down the gentle slopes, made a picture of beauty long to be remembered. The nights, they say, are always cool, and I am sure I was glad to be under blankets. Such a paradise of maiden-hair ferns and brilliant crotons! Mrs. Anderson's maid, in arranging the tall, slender vases for the drawing-room, complained of a scarcity

of flowers, but three or four long, gracefully drooping fronds of delicate ferns needed but a touch of white or some pale color to make the most exquisite ornament one could wish for in a room. In the morning we drove to the public gardens, whose beautifully sloping lawns were kept closely shaven by scythes instead of lawn mowers.

Before noon we had bid good-bye to our kind friends and were again on board the *Taisang* with our faces toward Hong Kong, and the memory of a pleasant day in our hearts.

Yokohama, April 8, 1889.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM MISS
NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

THE Hindus about us have many festivals, called religious, which are attended by crowds of people. They are to the Hindus what the Fourth of July is to many country people at home,—a time to put on good clothes, put off restraint, spend money, and have a good time generally. With all our teaching, we have not succeeded in making our Christians feel as they should the evil of their attending these festivals, where they see and hear so much that is vile and immoral. The Hindus sometimes call Christianity a religion with no juice in it, and some of the nominal Christians apparently think the same of it, for they are frequently disgracing us by hunting for the juice of life at Hindu festivals and cock-fights. I have talked a good deal with the leading members of the Santipore church, trying to convince them that if our weaker ones and the children are ever to be kept from mingling with the Hindus on their great days, it will only be by our having Christian festivals to take the place of the heathen. In some of our churches the people have learned to count on Christmas as a great day. They give their houses a thorough cleaning beforehand, and decorate with flowers. The people are without enthusiasm on any subject, hence it lays quite a burden of argument and labor upon us missionaries to draw them actively into any enterprise.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM MISS L. C. COOMBS.

WE look for our HELPERS eagerly, and devour them immediately. Ida Phillips's "Visit to a Sister Denomination," in the February number, was especially cheering and helpful. We are looking forward to her return along with Mary Bachelor next fall, with scarce restrained impatience. Hattie Phillips sailed on the 24th of February to reach San Francisco by the way of Japan. She will need months of rest to become able to work at all, and a good long vacation to get the strength for another season of ten years' work here. Ever since Mr. and Mrs. Stiles came, I have been trying, by a letter or two each week, to acknowledge the various gifts received for the work and for myself. I have not yet reached the end of the list, for I was generously remembered in many directions. I think I have been able to find out where all the things sent for the work came from, but there were several articles marked "For Miss Coombs" which I have not been able to locate. Some handkerchiefs, towels, an apron, a bag of beans, and a large square of silk crazy patchwork. This last was a great curiosity to me, for though I judge it is common enough at home by the references often made to it, yet this was the first piece I had ever seen; and though I think it may not be just the thing to quote, yet the words, "fearfully and wonderfully made," seemed to me especially applicable. If you will just give these few lines a corner somewhere in the HELPER, then those who sent these things may chance to see them and know their kindness was not bestowed in vain, even though I cannot thank them personally. These gifts from unknown friends touch a tender spot in one's heart.

Just now while I am writing comes a note from Mr. Coldren, from which I must quote a few words: "So many instances which tell us that 'the kingdom of God is at hand!' We are doing what we can, but our numbers are so few that we can do very little. Either Rahm or I have to be here all the time, be-

cause some are coming here every day to ask about this religion. When we were getting such a blessing at Y. M., I asked the Lord to send some one to me or send me to some one every day, and I have had an average of five every day. The Lord is blessing many souls, and certainly is most wonderfully blessing us in faith and power."

MAKE thy life better than thy work. Too oft
Our artists spend their skill in rounding soft
Fair curves upon their statues, while the rough
And ragged edges of the unhewn stuff
In their own nature startle and offend
The eye of critic and the heart of friend.
If in the too brief day thou must neglect
Thy labor or thy life, let them detect
Flaws in thy work, while their most searching gaze
Can fall on nothing which they cannot praise
In thy well chiseled character. The man
Should not be shadowed by the artisan.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE mind wants steadying and setting right many times a day. It resembles a compass placed on a rickety table; the least stir of the table makes the needle swing around and point untrue. Let it settle, then, till it points aright. Be perfectly silent for a few moments, thinking of Jesus; there is almost a divine force in silence. Drop the thing that worries, that excites, that interests, that thwarts you; let it fall like a sediment to the bottom, until the soul is no longer turbid; and say, secretly, "Grant, I beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful servant pardon and peace, that I may be cleansed from all my sins and serve thee with a *quiet mind*!"—*Bishop Huntington.*

THE curio dealers of Kioto, Japan, have decided to open a show room near the Kitano Temple, where no article will be admitted that is less than 1,000 years old.

HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

[See articles in From the Field.]

TELL the story of Tanu.

What do we learn from it of the sacrifice required to become a Christian in India?

What encouragement do we get from it?

Reptiles in our mission field.

Describe the lizard. The house variety. The garden lizard. The chameleon.

What kind of people does the chameleon remind you of?

What about the toads and frogs?

Tell about the harmless snakes.

The cobra.

Interesting incidents.

DR. CRICHTON BROWNE finds that the brain of a wild duck is just twice as heavy as that of a tame duck. The reason is that the former has to live by its wits, whilst the latter has some one to think for it. If that applies to human beings, no wonder that the London street arab is so sharp, and that the House of Lords is such an addle-pated body. Clearly, if you would seek brains you must go to those who have to struggle for existence.
—*Gen. Baptist Magazine.*

A CLERGYMAN who was visiting the parish church of a large town in England, made the following entry in his journal: "I understand that they spend here £600 a year on their choir, and £30 a year on foreign missions, which is a piece of refined selfishness I cannot describe."—*Ex.*

HOME DEPARTMENT.

CURTIS HOME.

BY MRS. L. M. P. DURGIN.

THE friends of Curtis Home will be glad to know that the fires are to be lighted upon its hospitable hearth July 1st, and all old and new friends are invited to gather around the hearthstone and, forgetting the work and worries of the past year, grow young again basking in its friendly light and the warmth of renewed friendships. One other invitation we wish to extend to you. Will you not, when you pack your trunks for the beach, put into them a volume or two which you wish to add to our reference library, which, in the future, we hope will be a great aid to our class work, and the nucleus of which—the bound volumes of the *HELPER* from its first number—has been presented by Rev. L. S. Bean, of Lewiston, Me. Yes, and one thing more; we would like you to bring in those same capacious trunks, any curiosity from our mission fields, or memento of prominent denominational workers. The old Bible which Benjamin Randall used, or the pen with which John Storer signed his gift to Storer College, or any other article of interest, which it would be a pleasure to you to *give* to our budding museum, or to loan during the season, that it may give pleasure to hundreds besides yourself.

Already we have a “dear little palanquin” made for use on Children’s Day, with other things of use to our Missionary classes, and pictures of the several buildings which compose Storer College, for the walls.

It is the intention to turn our little office into a combined cabinet and library, for the reception of such articles. And just *one* thing more. When you pack your purses, don’t forget to put in an extra dollar towards a new coat of paint for the outside of the Home.

We wish to protect the building, and emphasize the fact that the Educational Bureau has passed its vernal age by changing the color of the paint on its headquarters.

The various classes, the C. U. U. and C. L. S. C. work, will be carried on as last year, with some additional educational and social advantages. A delightful combination of Chautauqua and Old Orchard Beach.

Any one wishing to engage rooms will apply, after July 1, to the Matron, Curtis Home, Ocean Park, Old Orchard, Me.

“ Speak a shade more kindly
Than the year before ;
Pray a little oftener,
Love a little more ;
Cling a little closer
To the Father's love ;
Life below shall liker grow
To the life above.”

SELF-CONTROL.

NO power is more valuable to the individual than self-control, and yet how slowly it is developed. Observation teaches that boys and girls—at the age when the foundation for self-conquest ought to be deeply laid in the still plastic nature—are getting the fewest lessons in self-control. Over-indulgent parents, in trying to make life easy for their children, overlook the fact that this is a great obstacle in the way of developing the quality of endurance. And so children, thus shielded, find it hard, later in life, to resist temptation, and to do right, even though it is opposed to ease and comfort. Too many know no other standard of action than inclination and desire.

As the athlete can cultivate his muscles, and the musician his voice, so our moral, intellectual, and physical faculties can be developed, and become capable of adjusting themselves within certain limits which each must determine for himself,

according to the surrounding circumstances. And, as one says, "The man or woman who can hold himself or herself in instant readiness for whatever may occur ; who can, regardless of feeling, inclination, or prejudice, do the right thing at the right moment, or put off the temptation to do the wrong thing, and heroically choose the path of duty regardless of the wooing voice of inclination, holds the key to rare usefulness and power."

While this is a strong position to hold, yet it may be abused. In an effort to be heroic and strong, we may swing to the opposite extreme and lose other qualities of character equally desirable. We have a double nature, strength and sweetness, bravery and sympathy, and whoever cultivates the one at the expense of the other, attempts the unattainable and fails of true self-control at the last. To find the path to that kind of self-mastery which leads to both is no easy task. Beyond a doubt "we can all of us discipline ourselves to do what is disagreeable, so that no external sign shall betray the conflict waged," and this is well ; it is equally well to know when things inviting and pleasant are one's by right, and to learn how to enjoy them. God has made us with capabilities for enduring the hard and for enjoying the beautiful, and both may become attractive to us. But to attain unto the self-control needful for such "high living," a strength is required such "as no hero of the battle-field needs."

How shall we find it ? It is the old, old way of obedience to the light which shines upon our path to-day. No one can reveal it to us, and we cannot anticipate it. But loyalty to the true in the little and great things alike is *sure* to make our way plain. Preconceived ideas about heroism and strength, beauty and happiness, may dim the light which is struggling for entrance into our souls to-day. But a free and unhindered inlet of God's purpose with us in all things, will lead to such living as will be strong and tender, brave and sympathetic, and *bearable*.

FROM MY STUDY IN THE CHURCH.

I am a believer in woman's rights. I want woman to have the right to everything that she can do. I do not know but it is her right to be a minister. Why not? I have, therefore, been specially interested in a letter which Dr. Gilbert has handed me, arguing that in this appalling lack of ministers we should "call out the reserves," and these reserves, the writer says, are the women. I am going to let the reader have a part of what the writer, and she is a woman, says:—

"In the membership of our churches there are two girls to one boy. Many of these girls are bright, earnest, consecrated Christians, fairly pining for some special work to do in God's kingdom. If the doors of your colleges and seminaries were thrown open to them and an appeal was made to them in behalf of the work it would meet with a quick and hearty response. The writer of the letter was consecrated to the ministry by her parents before she was born, on condition that she should be a boy. But she wasn't a boy, and so the Congregational church lost one minister by the mere accident of sex, and I believe it is losing a great many more by the same accident. But this girl, who should have been a boy, inherited from her father's family intellectual tastes and a voice for public speaking, and from her mother's good health and practical energy. She was converted in childhood, and at an early age was ready to consecrate herself to Christian work. But no call came to her until years afterward, when the W. C. T. U. opened its doors to her, and she found use for her talents. Now, why, I ask, should not her parents have carried out their original design, and educated her for the ministry, as they fully intended to had she been a boy? And why should not the parents of to-day be encouraged to consecrate their girls as well as their boys to the ministry? The three hundred and more successful lecturers and evangelists of the W. C. T. U.

prove that women can speak in public with dignity and womanliness."

My only comment is a question: Why should not women preach?—*Chicago Advance*.

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

IOWA.

The W. M. S. held a public meeting at the Free Baptist church of Lockridge, Ia., Sabbath evening, April 14. The meeting was opened by singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and prayer and Scripture reading, followed by an anthem by the choir; secretary's report; select reading, "Missions," by Victoria Toothacre; singing; recitation, Jessie Carter; song, "Nearer my God to Thee," Ida Hanson; recitation by Ella Duttweiler; recitation, "The Hindu and the Christian Girl," by Jennie Larson and Maud Lindburg; song; essay by Mrs. Effie Stephenson; song, Mrs. Belle Toothacre; recitation, Minnie Smith; instrumental music by Lura Ripley; recitation by Eva Archibald; dialogue by five girls; collection, \$2.33.

MARY J. HANSON, Sec.

MAINE.

Resolutions passed by the W. M. S. of Bowdoinham Ridge, Me. :—

Whereas, Sister Laura B. White was a member of our W. M. S. from the date of its organization, and always interested in its work, though for several years she was able to attend its meetings but rarely, on account of prostrating illness;

Resolved, That as members of this Society we take this method of expressing our appreciation of the piety and devoted zeal of Sister White, and her interest in every good word and work;

Resolved, That we hereby express our sympathy for the

family for the loss of one who for fifty years was a bright example and helpmeet in the home circle.

MRS. R. A. CARDE, }
MRS. A. M. GRAVES, } *Com. on Resolutions.*

WISCONSIN.

The W. M. S. of Winneconne, Wis., held its first annual meeting March 6. Sixteen meetings have been held, four of these Missionary Concerts. The program as published in the *Star* has been followed in our monthly meetings. We have raised \$40, of which \$16.50 was appropriated to Foreign Missions, and \$23.50 to Home Missions.

A. A. MCKENNEY.

RHODE ISLAND.

Georgiaville. The parent Woman's Missionary Society is not represented in the Free Baptist church in this place, by a regular Auxiliary as such. But its interests are represented in our church, and the Ladies' Benevolent Society connected therewith, and funds are raised for its departments of work. We meet promptly the assessments asked for the W. M. S., and we take eighteen HELPERS, some of which are addressed to neighboring post-offices. Thinking that the sisters might like a report from us in Georgiaville, as we are seldom reported, I send this note; and also to mention the death of one of our dearest and most faithful workers for Christ, indeed, our very leader, who recently left us for a glorious immortality. Appended are the resolutions adopted on her death, by the Ladies' Benevolent Society, at its last regular meeting:—

Whereas, God has, in his infinite wisdom, taken from our midst our dear friend and sister, Mrs. Rose M. Farnum,

Resolved, That while we bow submissively to the will of our heavenly Father, we will ever cherish her memory, bearing in mind her kind and encouraging work;

Resolved, That in her death our Society has lost a most able and earnest worker for everything that was good and noble, and that we will try to imitate her zeal and go on with the work that she has left.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family and friends our heartfelt sympathy, praying that the dear Saviour will sustain and comfort them in their great sorrow.

In behalf of the church, G. B. CUTLER, *Pastor*.

And of the Ladies' Benevolent Society,

Mrs. CARRIE SMITH, *Pres.*

Mrs. J. LOOMIS, *Sec.*

MICHIGAN.

The W. M. S. of the Hillsdale Quarterly Meeting met with the sisters of the Bankers church for the transaction of business, at half past one o'clock, Saturday afternoon, April 13. Our president, Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder, being absent, Mrs. J. T. Ward of Jackson was chosen to preside.

Cheering letters and good reports were received from the several Auxiliaries. The secretary was appointed as delegate to the Yearly Meeting Society. The concert on Saturday evening, prepared by the Reading Village Auxiliary, was very entertaining. The dialogue, "Going to Persia," given by the Mission Band, was very finely rendered. Collection taken amounted to \$6.25. Next session to be held with the Cambridge church. Sisters, pray for our home work, that good may be accomplished in the name of the holy child Jesus. Let us meet, filled with the Spirit, for our annual meeting next June.

MISS LIZZIE MOODY, *Sec.*

The Grand Rapids W. M. S. held its May session with the Sparta church on Saturday morning. The president, Mrs. C. C. Hinman, took charge of the meeting. The house was well filled and all seemed interested. First on the program was Scripture reading by Miss Bolt, singing by the choir, prayer by Mrs. Blackhall, reading minutes of last session, and the annual report of the treasurer.

Then came election of officers. Bro. Amos Rexford talked to us on the subject of missions. Bro. Ford gave us some of his excellent ideas. Singing by choir. Whole amount of money raised during the Q. M. was \$202, of which the W. M. S. gave \$51.95. The next meeting will be held at Plainfield.

MISS LULA H. NORTON, *Sec.*



WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK ?

What says the clock when it strikes one?

" Watch," says the clock, " O, watch, little one ! "

What says the clock when it strikes two?

" Love God, little one, for God loves you ! "

Tell me softly what it whispers at three,

It is, " Suffer little children to come unto Me. "

Then come gentle lambs, and wonder no more,

'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.

And oh, let your young hearts gladly revive

When it echoes so sweetly, " God bless you, " at five.

And remember at six at the fading of day,

That your " life is a vapor that passeth away. "

And what says the clock when it strikes seven?

" Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven. "

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?

" Strive, strive to enter in at that beautiful gate ! "

And louder, still louder, it calls you at nine,

" My son, give Me that heart of thine ! "

And such be the voices responsive at ten,

" Hosanna in the highest, hosanna, amen ! "

And loud let your voices ring at eleven,

" Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven. "

When the deep strokes at midnight the watchword shall ring,

" Lo, these are My jewels, these, these saith the King ! "

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN :— How would you like to pay a visit to the little school of small Hindu girls I have just been to see? As there is no road leading to the town, we will have to walk about half a mile over a path that is not very smooth, climb three or four fences on the way, and at last we see the place where the school is. But first guess what kind of a school-house it is. Do you think it is built of stone? No. Then brick? No. Then it must be wood! No. It is made of dried mud, and has walls on two sides only. One side is open to the court, or yard, and between the other side and a large cow-stable there is only a small and thin fence. This place is called a veranda, and it is owned by a rich Hindu who lends it to us for a school-room, and his son is the teacher. There are no chairs for us to sit on, and the floor is of dried mud, like the rest of the house; but the folks bring a nice clean piece of matting for us to sit on, which is very comfortable. The teacher sits on a dirty wooden bench, but the mat is better for us. As we are making our visit early in the morning, so as to get back before the sun is too hot, we find that only two or three of our little scholars have come, but a servant is sent to call them, and soon we have twelve bright girls with happy faces, and dirty cloths drawn over their heads. The first thing that will attract your attention is the large amount of jewelry these girls wear. There are gold rings in their ears and noses, silver bracelets on their wrists and the upper parts of their arms, silver rings on their ankles and even on their toes. Besides all these, some have necklaces of either silver or beads, and sometimes both. Another thing you will notice and wonder what it is for; and that is a red paint mark on their foreheads, just at the parting of the hair, two inches long and half an inch wide. That means that the little girl who wears it is already married. I am glad to say that only two or three of these scholars have that mark on their heads. None of the little girls can be more

than twelve years old, and just think of their having had their future husbands selected for them already! Dear children, thank God every day that you were born in a Christian land.

Well, the first thing to do is to send them all to wash their hands, for they always forget to do so before coming to school, and we are to teach them sewing for the first hour. We will give them some of the nicely pasted patchwork that came from America in our last box for the first lesson. Two or three of them can sew quite nicely, and we have some white muslin work for them. After the sewing is finished, Miriam, the native Bible-woman, who came with us, will ask them some questions from the Catechism, have them repeat the Ten Commandments, and tell them a Bible story. To all of this they give good attention. You will not hear them read from their school-books to-day, for they read in the Oriya language, and you would not be able to understand a word, besides, we must make haste and get home, for the sun is getting high.

These scholars cannot read in school year after year as American girls do, but after reading for two or three years, they have to go to live with their husbands and cook their rice for them.

MRS. H. M. BACHELER.

Jellasore, March 22, 1889.

OUR MISSION BANDS.

THE *Busy Gleaners* of the Jefferson St. Free Baptist church, Biddeford, Me., closed the second year of their work with a very successful Parlor-sale. During the year just past the Busy Gleaners have held their meetings regularly, twice a month, at the home of Mrs. Chas. Marston, who has assisted them with untiring generosity.

New members have been added to the Society, and a spiritual interest in missions increased.

The payment of regular dues has resulted in the sending

of \$20 to Miss Coombs of India, and \$10 to Mrs. Lightner of Harper's Ferry.

At Christmas time, the "shut ins" and needy ones of church and city were cheered and helped by thoughtful gifts,—in all to the amount of \$12. During the winter they assisted the Y. P. S. C. E. by paying ten dollars toward a new organ for the vestry. The sale of fancy articles referred to above was held in the parlors of Mrs. F. H. Cousins, on South St., and netted the B. G.'s about \$25. In truth, they *are busy*, and He who loveth "the least of these" is rewarding them abundantly.

The *Mission Band of Winneconne, Wis.*, held their Annual Meeting April 21. They now number 33 members, from the ages of four up to twenty-one years. We have held 27 meetings during the year, in which we have tried to teach the children and young people how children live in different parts of the world, thus showing the contrast to our own blessed privileges. They have raised during the year \$43.87. Raised in mite boxes, \$17.18; on bed quilt, \$17; collections at three public meetings, \$3.41; anniversary supper, \$6.28; total, \$43.87. Of this, \$16 was appropriated to Foreign Missions; \$27 to Home Missions; 87 cents for postage on cards and papers.

Fully one-half of our Mission Band are young people. Much interest is manifested in the meetings, and we feel encouraged to enter upon our second year with hopes of doing better service for the Master. MRS. A. A. MCKENNEY.

"CLOUDY days are many; bright days are few; we must catch each ray of sunlight as it comes. In the east clouds gather, and as they roll they hide the distant shores from our sight. The cloud that hides our future never lifts—blessed shadow! Who would wish to see one step along the way? An unseen hand will guide us safely to the other side if we take firm hold and cast our care on Him. Better to learn than to labor; better to trust than to see."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Please notice especially the words of the Treasurer, in regard to special contributions, for incoming and outgoing Missionaries, and apply the birthday offering thought in the editorial *Sixteen*. . . . From a personal letter, containing rejoicings because "Miss Hattie" is so near the home-land, we quote : —

"Don't you think it is very poor *policy*, to put it on no higher plane,—to expect the poor worn-out missionaries, who have come home to *rest* (?), to spend their furlough going around and doing all the 'enthusing' in the cause of foreign missions?

"I saw over and over again in reports of mission meetings in the HELPER and *Star* and *Free Baptist* last year, that 'we were greatly aroused by the remarks of ——— who was present.' In every case it was a returned missionary; and in every case I thought: Yes, she will wear herself out *resting* in America, and go back at the end of the time unfit for work, or perhaps be unfit to return at all, and then some new one will have to spend two years or more in getting the language, and in getting ready to do the work this one could do before she was used up 'enthusing' people who should enthuse her."

There are kernels of real common sense truth in what our friend writes, but we wish to say in behalf of the Woman's Society that it is not really responsible for any returned missionary's overworking. It has been said very decidedly to such: We want you to rest. That is the first thing. The needs at home are great, however, and if at any time you are *able* to do some enthusing, "the harvest is great and the laborers are few;" and the dear, energetic souls find the latter so true that we fear the resting time gets sadly encroached upon. . . . Mrs. M. M. Brewster is at liberty to make appointments to lecture wherever needed. Her recent work at Harper's Ferry and in the Shenandoah Valley enable her to speak most interestingly

upon that phase of our work. She is to give an address on this subject in connection with the New Hampshire Y. M., June 13.

PREMIUM OFFERS.

The desire to increase our list of July subscribers leads to the offering of the following special inducements:—

FIRST. For three new subscribers we will give one free copy.

SECOND. For six new subscribers we will give two copies free, or a copy of "Children's Meetings and How to Conduct Them," a cloth-bound volume of 207 pages full of practical and helpful suggestions to those who have the care of instructing children in Gospel truth either in the home, Sunday-school, or mission band.

THIRD. For twelve new subscribers we will give a copy of "Missionary Reminiscences," by Mrs. M. M. H. Hills.

Each of these offers is for names received in one order and prior to Aug. 1, 1889.

THE Mohammedan Emir of Nupe, West Africa, has sent the following stirring message to Bishop Crowther of the Niger Mission:—

"It is not a long matter; it is about barasa (rum). Barasa, barasa, barasa! It has ruined our country; it has ruined our people very much; it has made our people mad. I beg you, Malam Kip, don't forget this writing; because we all beg that he (Crowther) should beg the great priests (Committee of the Church Missionary Society) that they should beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasa into this land. For God and the Prophet, His messenger's sake, he must help us in this matter—that of barasa. We all have confidence in him. He must not leave our country to become spoiled by barasa. Tell him, may God bless him in his work. This is the mouth-word from Malike, the Emir of Nupe."

CONTRIBUTIONS.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for April, 1889.

MAINE.

Abbott church.....	\$ 50
Bangor auxiliary	10 00
Biddeford "Busy Gleaners," Miss Coombs, \$20.00; Mrs. Lightner, \$10.00.....	30 00
Dover and Foxcroft auxiliary..	50
East Livermore Falls auxiliary, for F. M.....	2 09
Georgetown auxiliary, outfit and passage of missionaries, \$10.00; general F. M. work, \$10.00; L. M. of Miss Ellen A. Oliver	20 00
Lewiston auxiliary, Main St., for Mrs. Burkholder's work	21 15
No. Lebanon auxiliary, for Chandu Misser, with Miss Hooper	7 00
No. Berwick church, 1st F. B.	5 00
Portland auxiliary, 1st F. B. church, for general work...	10 00
Portland "Willing Workers," for Miss I. Phillips's salary	5 00
So. Buxton auxiliary, for gen- eral work	5 00
West Buxton auxiliary.....	5 00
West Falmouth auxiliary, Har- per's Ferry, \$6.00; Miss Coombs, \$2.00.....	8 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Ashland church, for Mrs. Light- ner's salary	11 25
Laconia auxiliary.....	3 00
Lake Village church	2 00
New Market auxiliary, 12 of this for 1888.....	31 00
Whitefield church, one-half each Mrs. Lightner and Miss Butts.....	6 00
Wilmot Flats, S. S. F. B. ch., for Miss Butts's salary....	3 00

VERMONT.

East Randolph auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith's salary.....	9 00
Enosburg Falls church, do.....	5 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury Mission Band, for Girls' School in India.....	9 00
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RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn church.....	\$4 00
Greenville Mission and Tem- perance Band, for Miss H. Phillips.....	12 50
Greenville auxiliary, do., and bal. L. M. Miss Fanny Eddy	10 00
Olneyville auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips.....	15 00
Providence, Y. P. S. C. E., of Roger Williams, Miss H. Phillips, \$8.75; Storer Col- lege, \$10.00.....	18 75
Providence auxiliary, Pond St., Miss H. Phillips, \$5.00; Storer College, \$7.50.....	12 50
Providence, I. H. N. for outfit and passage of missionaries	10 00
Providence, I. H. N. for outfit and passage of missionaries	10 00
Providence auxiliary, and "Lit- tle Helpers" of Park St., Miss H. Phillips, \$7.50; Miss I. Phillips, \$3.00 on L. M. Mrs. A. L. Freeman	10 50
Pawtucket auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips, \$5.00; Storer Col- lege, \$5.00	10 00
Pawtucket "Little Workers" Miss H. Phillips, \$3.75; Storer College, 25 cts.....	4 00
Pawtucket, Mrs. Chloe T. Paine, Storer College, \$2. 50; Miss H. Phillips, \$2.50	5 00
Pawtucket, Union Mission, Miss H. Phillips, \$2.50; Storer College, \$2.50.....	5 00
Pawtucket, "Golden Links" Ragged School of India, \$2.50; Western work, \$2.50	5 00

MICHIGAN.

Batavia auxiliary, for F. M....	5 50
Claybank church.....	1 46
Hillsdale Q. M. auxiliary, for F. M.....	40 51
Holton and White River Q. M. auxiliary.....	3 79

IOWA.

Bryantburg auxiliary, for F. M.	2 10
Spencer, S. S. collection, for	

general work..... \$3 00
 Waterloo auxiliary, for F. M... 5 00

MINNESOTA.

Money Creek auxiliary, for
 Chandbali..... 5 00
 Minneapolis auxiliary, Stevens
 Ave. church, for school in
 India..... 25 00

WISCONSIN.

Winneconne auxiliary, for State
 work..... 3 50
 Winneconne, Mission Band, for
 F. M..... 7 00

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

East Farnham church, for Mrs.
 Smith's salary..... 5 00
 Stanstead Q. M. auxiliary, for
 support of Mrs. D. W.
 Smith..... 3 36

MISCELLANEOUS.

A friend \$1 00
 Total \$460 88

CORRECTIONS.—"Helping Hands"
 contribution from West Falmouth, Me.,
 should have been credited \$9.25 for
 Harper's Ferry, \$3.00 Miss I. Phillips,
 and \$2.00 for Western work.

Money credited to Medford, Me.,
 should have been credited to East Par-
 sonsfield, Me.

Receipts in February should read:
 auxiliary and "Cheerful Helpers,"
 Greenwich St., Providence, R. I., one-
 half each, Storer College and Miss H.
 Phillips.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*
Dover, N. H.

LITERATURE FUND.

Receipts for March, 1889.

Mrs. E. G. Rickert, Waterloo, Ia.....	12	lins, Me.....	03
Mrs. L. G. Clark, West Hol-		Miss Susie W. Merritt, Houl-	05
		ton, Me.....	

Receipts for April, 1889.

Mrs. Lucy D. Briggs, Provi-		ton, Mass.....	1 00
dence, R. I.....	1 00	Mrs. L. D. Felt, Masonville,	
Mrs. Annie C. Ford, Baltimore,		Ia.....	01
Me.....	19	Miss J. Bradbury, Providence,	
Mrs. J. T. Weeks, Laconia, N.		R. I.....	01
H.....	10		
Mrs. Hannah K. Peirce, Abing-		I. E. G. MEADER, <i>Treas.</i>	
		14 White St., Pawtucket, R. I.	

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